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Semi-Weekly Interior Journal

W. P. WALTON.

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GEO. O. BARNES in ENGLAND

‘PRAISE THE LORD’

192 SHACKLEWELL LANE,
DALSTON, LONDON, E. MAR 21, 1884.

Dear Interior:

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 5th.—A little band of “the faithful” at Erith are to meet every Wednesday night at Bro. Egerton’s, for the study of the Word and to keep the fire burning that the LORD’S love has kindled. Of course they will be called by hateful names for doing it, but they are a resolute lot and will not easily be put down. The plan is to get others, not fully sympathizing, yet not opposed, to join them, one by one, and win them over to a hearty fellowship by love and patience.

Herbert, who spent the night with us, and left with his usual reluctance at the last moment, compatible with reaching the Stock Exchange at his business hour, promised to be good and go to Erith tonight, instead of returning to the meeting in Caledonian Road. Arranged my scattered correspondence by one desperate “over-hauling” to-day and felt not a little relieved when the job was accomplished by steadily sticking to it. Bro. John Tod called on his way to business and we had a friendly chat over a point that I had tried the night before to make plain, with only partial success, viz: that the current phrase is every pulpit that men are “sinners in the sight of God,” is a false one, since the dear Cross, waives Jesus “put away sin by sacrifice of Himself,” and because the dear “Lamb of God, taking away the sin of the world,” being made a “propitiation for the sins of the whole world,” and “bearing our sins in His own body on the tree.” Only in man’s sight can there be sinners, after that, since our God is well pleased with His Son’s work and to him our glory can have “good pleasure in men.” (Luke 11:4) This not being seen plainly, Jesus is to end of confession in approaching men as sinners, instead of simple unbelievers in Jesus, which is the only possible controversy God can have with men, seeing all the rest has been fully settled. And hence the Holy Ghost, the Comforter, never convicts the world of any other sin, save that of not believing on God’s dear Son. That settled by believing (not confessing, nor mourning, nor extenuating, nor evading by bringing in something in its place), all is settled and the soul goes on its way rejoicing in the LOVE that has done everything for it, and gives freely, “without upbraiding.” I muddled this a bit last night in the telling, and dear John, ever lovingly jealous for the truth, as well as true to me, came to have it straightened out. We agreed exactly before he went out, as we all uniformly do.

At night we had a temperance meeting that had been previously appointed and I was “Chairman” instead of Speaker. We had a grand evening, the two men who spoke being full of the Holy Ghost and both reforming drunkards, longing to deliver others. One of them had been a burlesque actor and clown at the Alhambra Theatre, who had a wondrous experience to narrate.

THURSDAY, March 6th.—We went to meet the Working Women at their noon meeting in Jewin and Aldersgate street and had a good time at the latter place, where in the future we shall concentrate service. Dear Sister Fisher sees to it personally that the room is well filled. Everything in such work depends on the *personnel* of the management. Jewin street lacks the prestige of a good head and we drop it for the present because we are not properly seconded in our efforts to benefit. We regret this, as there are some to whom we have become attached at that place. But they can attend at Aldersgate street, if so disposed, which is only a few minutes’ walk distant.

Herbert and Elith come once a week, on Thursdays, to spend the night with us and they are always delightful. Bro. and Sister Limmer and Dr. and Mrs. Berry joined the party at tea and our little rooms were full; but we got along nicely. All went up together to Caledonian Road and in preaching on “Saul of Tarsus,” the results of the clearing-up talk with John yesterday morning came out most satisfactorily, the dear LORD giving me liberty in expounding the difference between a “Sinner in the sight of God” and a sinner in the sight of man.”

Justification clears the ground on the first count of the indictment. Sanctification makes all right on the second. Praise the dear LORD for showing it so clearly to me and giving “utterance” to tell it to the people. I think they saw it all.

FRIDAY, March 7th.—A quiet morning spent in writing. The girls, after Herbert had gone to business, busy marking their new Baster Bibles, until Elith had quite used her eyes up and was obliged to desist. They are making them look quite ornamental, in different colored inks—red for a sinner’s salvation; (the BLOOD) purple for a saint’s crown (royalty); blue for bodily healing and green for the LORD’S second

coming. They dilute water colors, which are brighter and better than inks; do not soak through their paper; and dry without subsequent smearing. A hint for those who can take it, in bible marking.

Mama, Marie and I went up to “Glenco,” Bro. Noble’s villa on Stamford Hill, where we took tea with our dear friends. We were all quite wild with joy at the meeting. The dear little resurrected woman had just returned from the Isle of Wight, as “plump as a partridge.” “Noble William” himself looked better than we have seen him for a long while and the “baby” for once relaxed his usual tactfulness and carried away by the contagion of general rejoicing, became almost garrulous. After tea Bro. Noble got out his concertina and we had a jolly time, almost verging on the undignified; but inoffensive and full of praise to the dear LORD, who has been so good to us all.

Had a blessed meeting at night—full of power and the manifested presence of the LORD. Bro. Bartlett, from Highgate, brought with him two French ladies, from Paris, mother and daughter, who were quite enthusiastic in praising the “beautiful gospel,” as they brokenly expressed it. Herbert and Elith were loth to go on to Bexley Heath and we were loth to let them go, but we all said “Praise the LORD” and then it was very easy to part. Wonderful lubricator of life, that simple phrase is! It is more effectual in its working every day.

SATURDAY, March 8th.—George Wood, Marie and I went, by appointment, to the British Museum, to examine their wonderful collection of ancient copies of the English Bible. And well were we repaid for our visit. A dinner on “whitebait,” a delicate fish, about an inch and a half long, eaten “body and bones,” at Ludgate Hill, was not an item to be despised in the day’s enjoyment. Dear George has given from his scanty earnings £2.25 (\$125) for the tent. Just think of the first \$250 coming from these dear donors, with such limited means, for George is only a clerk on a small salary and this gift, like the other, means much self denial. So we shall get our tent by May 1st, we hope. Praise the LORD!

(continued next issue)

HE THOUGHT RESURRECTION DAY HAD COME.—I was at White Sulphur Springs in 1868—I think it was ‘68—but anyway. General Robert E. Lee and General Rosecrans and other distinguished men were there at the time, consulting as to the best methods of reconciling the North and South, and bringing about much needed peace and harmony in the nation. One day the stage coach drove up in front of the hotel, and out the door of it stepped a newspaper man named Hanna. He was long, and so thin in body that he offered no particular obstruction to the passage of light. The thickest thing about him was a shock of red hair that hung down on each side of his face, covering his ears and framing his cadaverous countenance. He wore a long linen duster about as large around as an umbrella case. As he climbed out on one side of the stage Aleck Stephens climbed out of the other, and the two started up toward the hotel together. One of the boys at the hotel pointed at them and called out: “Look here! Here comes the vanguard of the resurrection.”

The jury system is full of abuses in Kentucky as well as in Ohio and the other States. The longer an effort at remedy is deferred the greater will be the popular disregard of the machinery of justice and the greater the prevalence of crime. While changes in the jury laws must be the result of legislative enactment, the Legislature as a whole cannot be depended upon to mature any bill in this connection either far-reaching or beneficial in its character. It is a work requiring the study and attention of a small body of men, who have a knowledge of the law and are not distracted with the consideration of such bills as those to authorize the town of Williamsburg to borrow money and to index the mortgage records in Campbell county. The Legislature should establish a commission to report upon a revision of the jury system at a future session, and this might well be included as a part of the programme suggested by Senator Hallam.—[Louisville Commercial.]

The Country Gentleman says: “The success of a garden depends much on its early preparation and planting in spring. Crops which do not need putting in till warm weather arrives are greatly benefited by the thorough preparation and the pulverizing and enriching of the soil. It is well, therefore to apply in winter all the manure which may be wanted. Pulverized and leached into the soil by rains and melting snows, it will be worth more than if spread in lumps after spring opens and is imperfectly intermixed.”

A peculiar kind of building stone is found in some localities in Oregon, having the property of being uninjured by the action of cold, heat or moisture. It is called granite sandstone, is very rich in silica, of a close, fine grain, highly crystallized, un-laminated and of a fine brown color. On being brought to a white heat and suddenly plunged in cold water, it comes out as solid and as firm as at first.

A new song is called “No Place Like Home.” It is suggested by an exchange that the author never courted another fellow’s sister; but perhaps it is her home he means.

GARRARD COUNTY DEPARTMENT Lancaster.

No Mistake in Hers.

J. B. Adams is rejoicing over the advent of a boy into his family of girls, whom he christened T. K. Adams.

C. C. Storms has bought the house and lot on Danville street, occupied by the Misses Noel & Smith, milliners, for which he paid \$450. He expects to build a two-story brick store thereon this summer in connection with the new postoffice.

Robert Hamilton, proprietor of the Hamilton House in this place, was married

Wednesday afternoon to Miss Nannie Herring, daughter of James Herring, of this county.

A reception was given at the Hamilton House which was largely attended.

We wish them much happiness and success.

Lancaster is in a worse predicament than ever since the addition of another passenger train on the K. C. R. R. We get the daily papers at 10 o’clock P. M. The morning train leaves the Junction too early to make connection with the L. & N. trains. It takes a whole day to come from Cincinnati. One must leave Cincinnati at 8 o’clock in the morning to arrive here at 10 o’clock at night. It takes about 8 hours to go to Cincinnati from here. O, the railroads!

Misses Jael Redd and Sallie Fish returned to their homes at Crab Orchard Monday, after spending two weeks with Mrs. Jas. B. Leavel in the lower end of the county. Dr. Jas. Core, of Homer, Ill., was in town last week stopping with Henry Noel. He has retired from the practice of medicine and wishes to locate in the Sunny South. Mr. Noel has gone North with the doctor to attend a sale of Holstein cattle; both gentlemen are engaged in raising such stock. Col. Sam M. Burdett is expected home Saturday on a visit.

DR. KNOW IT WELL ENOUGH.—“Wal-

ter,” said her fond wife, “will you not

learn to play poker for my sake?”

“Learn to play poker!” he exclaimed in astonishment.

“Why—ahem—why, the truth is I do

know something about the game. I—I

have played it.”

“Yes, dear, but you don’t know enough.

I thought if you would only learn how to

play it might not lose so much money,

you know.”—[Pittsburg Chronicle-Tel-

egraph.]

Courting is sometimes called sparkling,

because the real fire never commences until after marriage.

It is a business which is the constant fear of every father.

It is a business which is the horror of every wife.

It is a business which makes ninety per-

cent. of the business of the criminal

courts.

It is a business which makes ninety per-

cent. of the pauperism for which the tax-

payer has to pay.

It is a business which keeps employed an

army of policemen in the cities.

It is the business which puts out the

fire on the hearth and condemns wives and

children to hunger, cold and rags.

It is the business which fosters vice for

profit, and educates in wickedness for

gain.

Drunkenness comprises all other vices.

It is the dictionary of vice. Drunkenness

means peculation, theft, robbery, arson,

forgery, murder—for it leads to all these

crimes.—[Central Methodist.]

In a hut on a narrow street in the

French village of Aubaine-en-Royans,

lives a woman whose age is declared, on

evidence which the *London Lancet* accepts

as authentic, to be 123 years. Her mar-

riage certificate shows that she was married

one hundred years ago last January. She

has no infirmities except slight deafness,

and she is comparatively erect. She is

supported entirely on the alms of visitors,

who come from great distances to see her;

and in her household work she is assisted

by her neighbors. She lives almost ex-

clusively on soup made with bread and

containing a little wine or brandy. The

neighborhood physician says she is never

ill.

BISHOP PIERCE AND GEN. TOOMBS.—

Bishop George F. Pierce and Gen. Robert

Toombs were classmates, and they have

ever been firm, true friends. Both of them

have illustrated the grandeur of human

intellect and the power that has to influ-

ence human thought and action. Their

success—each in his chosen field of labor

—has been wonderful, in part due to great

intellectual gifts, faithfully improved, and

still more largely due to a better and bright

er agency—their wives. Ask them, and

they will admit it. The truly great man

is less great than his wife, and always

honest enough to admit it.—[Macon (Ga.)

Telegraph.]

THE COUNTRY GENTLEMAN

—AN ORGAN OF

THE COUNTRY GENTLEMAN

Semi-Weekly Interior Journal

Stanford, Ky., - - - April 4, 1884

W. P. WALTON.

PAPERS AND LIBRARIES.

BY M'EVILYN.

In England we hear "first, of the written news letters furnished to the wealthy aristocracy; then, as the craving for information spread, the ballads of news, sung or recited; then the periodical sheet of news, and, lastly, the weekly newspapers," the first one, entitled "The Weekly News from Italy, etc., published in the year 1622.

The ancient Athenian salutation, "What's the news?" is on the lips of men to-day.

Something more was needed to satisfy the hunger for information than the tablets of stone on the corners of the streets. To-day the newspaper is as essential to the happiness and prosperity of a nation as its supreme law.

With "the world for its parish," this priest, the newspaper, is proving one of the most potent educators. As civilization advances and our postal laws become thoroughly organized the demand will increase. In its four centuries of growth, the art of printing has given to us the rich legacy of an advanced and rapidly-advancing civilization. True culture can only be attained by foregoing indulgence in mean pleasures. In early years education was confined to the few. It was a rich man who could own a book and a magus who could read it.

In these days of free schools, free public libraries, "thou art inexcusable, oh, man, whosoever thou art," that geteth not wisdom.

Contemporaneous with the idea of free education was the idea of free public libraries; not until the one became no longer an experiment, but a reality, did the other become even a possibility.

In the first days of our country's history the lovers of reading were compelled to send to Europe for their books.

The thoughtful, eager Franklin, with all his craving for knowledge, found, during the first quarter of the last century, in the city of Boston, "a few books in his father's library, the use of book now and then from a book-store, the chance of borrowing a book from a pretty collection," or the occasional purchase of one."

About the year 1732, after Franklin's fair establishment in Philadelphia, the first public library was established, becoming, as he said, "the mother of all North American subscription libraries."

We read of the books for this library coming from England; of the occasional presentation of a book or two; of a subscriber bringing a book for the directors to examine "and purchase if they would," title, "A Voyage to the South Seas, along the Coast of Chili and Peru, in 1712-'13-'14"; with thirty-seven copper cuts, well printed, and well bound in folio form. The board, after much consideration, agreed to buy this valuable book, and ordered the librarian to pay the price down, 15 shillings, out of the money received for fines on borrowed books.

This library reflected the taste and bore the impress of its great author and originator, Franklin.

The culture and refinement of the masses is due to this mighty civilization produced by books and papers. Public libraries are store-houses that both supply and create demand. He is wisest who cults most carefully, most judiciously, most intelligently from this great ocean of knowledge.

The tale that Gambetta, when a child, voluntarily put out his right eye in order to be removed from a seminary which he abhorred, is pronounced an absurd fiction. The real facts are that, one day, when only 8 years old, while looking at a cinder boring holes in the handle of a knife with a drill fastened to an old broken foil by a piece of cat-gut, this mad machine gave way by reason of too great tension, and the broken foil struck the right eye of the child with great force, perforating the cornea. This terrible accident causing him to be one different from his kind, he was petted, pampered and spoiled by his parents, his every whim and fancy indulged, and every caprice of his ardent and violent character allowed free play.

CONUNDRUMS.

What is the difference between a hungry man and a glutton? One longs to eat, and the other eats too long.

Use me well and I am everybody; scratch my back, and I am nobody. A looking-glass.

The oldest man that ever lived died before his father. How can that be? Who was it, boys? Methuselah was the son of Enoch, who was translated, without dying.

A "WHALING" VOYAGE.

When you see a mother of a 10-year-old boy making rapid progress in the direction of the river, with a good stout bean-pole in her hand, you would not be far out of the way should you conclude she is going fishing. She is going on a "whaling" voyage—provided she can find the boy.

Some physicians now recommend sardines to consumptives for the oil they contain, just as they do celery for nervous people.

LOCUST LEAVES.

The mellow moonlight never fell with more witching power over the Alhambra than falls the soothing sunlight this delightful Sabbath morning over the quiet little homes on Hackley street. The orange and citron tree, tipped with silver, never looked more beautiful than our little locust tree now looks, tipped with gold. The morning-glories that sweep around our doors are all in mute conversation with the breezes that wander close and kiss them. We understand their smiles and nods, but, out of respect to the morning-glories, we attempt no translation of them, for earth has no language with which we can accurately paint the dress of the flowers. A spray of three large purple blossoms has peeped in at us through a window that has not been closed for many days; they speak to us in the same sweet language that did their sisters in our childhood days, and, for a moment, returns our childhood's faith in a flower-surrounded, flower-crowned, music-filled heaven. Delightful, indeed, though Eden must have been, we cannot imagine it superior to the great, wide, unfenced, deep old wildwood through which we went not gathering the other day. There rested such a holy calm, such a pure, sweet peace over the whole scene that a serpent would not have dared to lift its head. The sky was soft and blue, and seemed to rest upon the gold of the tree-tops. The music of the falling nuts and whispering leaves was full of suggestions of the beautiful that the heart can better understand than the tongue express. One little pond or lake in the depth of this old wilderness is a vision of beauty in itself. It is round as a rose and lined with mosses of every kind, and fringed here and there with groups of fern and maiden hair that seem nodding and peeping and laughing in ecstasy at the sight of their own beautiful forms reflected in the sparkling water beneath. Moss-covered logs lie here and there all through it, forming tiny green islands in that lone little sea. From the joyous bird-songs that rose out of it and echoed around it we named it the "Birds' Paradise." If you should ever go nutting in that wild old wood, do not fail to find and feast your soul upon the transcendent beauty of that tropic-like bit of lake.

Mrs. J. V. H. KOONG.

TOMBSTONE EPIPHYS.

One of the easiest things to do in this world is to find epitaphs cut on tombstones which the dead person's worst enemy could not have surpassed in absurdity and irreverence had he tried never so hard. Many collections of them have been made into books; but for the most part such literature has been garnered from rude settlements, and bears dates preceding back into uncultured times. Not so in every case, however. It was only a few years ago that a stone was set up in Connecticut—a State more remarkable, by the way, than almost any other for extraordinary epitaphs—at the grave of a Freemason with these words cut upon it:

He acted on the level,
And worked upon the plumb,
And now he's left us on the square,
For his eternal home.

A TALL CAT STORY.

A cat in Newport, R. I., caught a small mouse, and, while playing with it afterward, as cats do, lying on the floor, with its mouth wide open, the little victim ran into the jaws of death, landing securely wholesale in the cat's stomach, where it lived for some time, giving the cat no little annoyance, if the movements against the latter's side are any criterion to judge by. The cat seemed frightened, too, for it went under the house, remaining there for two days. The circumstance was witnessed by the lady of the family in which the cat lived and severa

of her children.

In an interesting article on Indian transport animals, the London Times says: "Camels on the march are usually told off in strings of four, under the charge of one attendant or 'sarwan.' This man should lead the front camel by his nose rope; the nose rope of the second is attached to the crupper of the one in front, and so on. The four animals in string cover a distance of fifteen yards." If animals can be trained to follow their leader, it is far more merciful to attach the leading rope to the head collar than to the nose. When camels are properly fed and looked after they are the cheapest of all pack carriage. Four good camels, with one attendant, will carry as much as nine mules or ponies with three attendants, and will eat considerably less. If this proportion is applied to transport animals by the thousand, it will be seen that, assuming equal staying powers and freedom from disease, there is a very great advantage in favor of camel transport."

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Some physicians now recommend sardines to consumptives for the oil they contain, just as they do celery for nervous people.

YO SEMITE FALLS IN WINTER.

Yo Semite falls are in summer really one of the least interesting sights. They are 2,634 feet above the valley, and descend in three falls—first, 1,600 feet; second, 534 feet; third, 500 feet. The first fall is the highest in any portion of the globe yet known to man. During the winter, however, and when the snow of that season begins to melt in the mountains above, the falls discharge a volume of 400 gallons of water per second. In the cold season, too, large masses of ice form each night at the sides of the falls. When the warm rays of the morning sun begin to shine upon these quantities of ice, large masses detach themselves, and fall with a terrible rattle and boom that sounds like thunder, and reverberates and re-echoes its peals upon the walls of the valley for miles around. This ice falls a distance of nearly 2,000 feet, and is smashed to such minute particles that it leaps over the next fall indistinguishable from the water that carries it along.

In the winter, too—which, unfortunately, is the season when the valley is closed to travel—the great volume of water shooting over the falls creates a vacuum that causes the air above to rush in with the force of a tornado. In consequence, when snow is falling, it is drawn into the vacuum in large quantities, and is deposited, with the fragmentary ice, at the foot of the falls. Hence it forms an immense deposit of congealed snow and ice, 300 or 400 feet deep. When the spring begins, and the water begins to wear out a funnel-shaped hollow in the ice, after the water strikes at the bottom of this, having no outlet, it makes a curved rebound, and ascends often 500 feet high into the air, then drops into the river, and makes a fearful turmoil of foam and spray. When the sun shines upon these, and the wind happens to be blowing propitiously, and scatters the clouds of spray in different directions and with equal velocity, the scene becomes so gorgeous, so grand and overpowering that no pen or brush can ever hope to portray even the shadow of its grandeur.

A cave forty feet deep, which lies beneath and behind the upper fall, can be entered when the wind, as it sometimes does, blows the entire body of the water aside. It is dangerous sport, however, to enter, for in the event of the fall returning to a vertical position, thus cutting off retreat, the spray must inevitably cause speedy suffocation. Such is the fall in winter; in summer, when your tourist sees it, it possesses none of these beauties, and late in the summer of a very dry season, the 400 gallons per second are represented by 400 gallons a month.

A NICE YOUNG MAN.

The highest circles of Galveston are perturbed from center to circumference. They were engaged to be married, and were sitting in the parlor with the light turned down, when the maiden remarked: "Udolpho, darling, how eloquent was the language that flowed from thy lips, when thou didst ask me to share thy lot in life."

"Yaas, Elfrida," replied the fashionable young man, "when fellah has had as much practice at that sort of thing as I have had, he learns it by heart, you know."

There was a piercing shriek, and the old lady, who was peeping through the key-hole, rushed in, and there was a tableau, sure enough.

All bets declared off. No cards.—Galveston News.

Mrs. VICTOR, a Cleveland woman in State prison at Columbus on a life sentence for the murder of her husband, called Gov. Foster to hear her appeal for pardon, referring to the Hon. Joshua R. Giddings for proof that new evidence in her favor had been found. On being told that Mr. Giddings had been dead twenty-one years, she seemed to realize that her last hope was gone, and swooned away.

ENGRAVING BOOKS BY THE "PROCESS" SYSTEM.

The *Scientific American*, in a description of a large book-publishing house in New York, says: "Our notice would be incomplete without reference to the work done by what is called the "process" system of engraving. There are several patented methods of doing this work, and it is a distinct branch of business which has grown up entirely within the past fifteen years. By these processes a photograph is made of what is to be reproduced from either a wood-cut stele or copper engraving, a lithograph, a pen and ink drawing, or a page of printed matter. In this manner the publishers are now reproducing by photo-electrotype the plates of Young's "Bible Concordance," a very elaborate work, in which, interspersed through the English text, are numerous quotations from the Greek, Hebrew and Arabic, making a book which would prove a very difficult work for the most skillful compositor or the most accomplished proof-reader. In this way, however, the pages are simply put before a camera, when a negative is taken by which an exact impression is made through a thin film of wax, when all the other parts are eaten away by acids, leaving the clear representation of the picture or print photographed in relief with an accuracy which can only be secured by such process. From this wax mold electrotype are made in the same way as from a type form.

HOW TO FOOL THE CUSTOMS OFFICERS.

Vivier, the famous horn-player, is one of the most renowned practical jokers in Europe. His favorite objects of vengeance are customs officials, for whose delectation he provided two trunks—a small one of leather and a large one of stout timber.

"What does this chest contain, sir?" the victim would remark.

"Nothing dutiable, sir," was the meek reply; "my collection of boot-strap."

"Boot-strap—pooh!" says the official, growing red in the face; "come, sir, the keys, if you please."

"Boot-strap, sir, I assure you. They are packed with great care, and an examination would disarrange them seriously."

"Come, sir, no jesting." Vivier reluctantly hands over the keys, and the official opens the chest, which has a spring bottom and has been packed with bootstraps, apparently by hydraulic pressure, as the boot-strap boil over like yeast. Thereupon the traveler takes Heaven to witness that his word has been doubted and his precious collection disarranged, and frantically urges the officer to replace the trunk before the train moves out.

After this experience the official usually lets the traveler alone; but, if he should demand the contents of the small leather valise, and insists on seeing for himself that there is nothing dutiable in it, Vivier hands him the keys with the tragic remark:

"There! Open it! But it is at your own risk, mind."

"What does it contain?"

"Well, since you press me—rattlesnakes!"

"How many are there? I will take your word for it," says the flabbergasted official, seeking a way of escape without suffering total humiliation in the eyes of the bystanders.

"Five."

"Ha! then it is not necessary to examine the package. Rattlesnakes, when imported in quantities of less than six are free."

THIS "EARLY TO RISE" BUSINESS.

Not long ago a German physician greatly gratified people who liked to lie abed late in the morning by assuring them that, physiologically considered, there is every reason to believe that early rising is a total mistake, bad alike for the body and the mind. Benjamin Franklin's maxims in regard to the subject were held to be entirely misleading, and the truth was that early to bed and early to rise made men anything but healthy and wealthy and wise. The London *Lancet*, however, says that the German doctor's notions must have been evolved from his inner consciousness, since they had no justification in facts. Men who work with their brains especially—many of whom, if the production of literary work can fairly be considered peculiarly exhausting to the brain, have always been notorious lie-abeds—should, says the *Lancet*, rise at 6 o'clock or thereabouts in the morning, eat a slice of bread or drink a cup of tea, after which they may "enjoy the priceless luxury of two or three hours of work when the brain is clear and the distractions of the day's ordinary business have not begun to assail them. It is a mistake, however, for people who are weakly or over 40 years old to 'turn immediately after rising. The bath should be deferred till the tea or a glass of milk and a brief spell of work or a short walk has stimulated the powers and rendered them capable of reacting readily under the stimulus of the bath. As both the *Lancet*, which recommends the latter course, and the eminent German physician, who recommends the former, are excellent authorities, our readers cannot do better than to follow the one to which they more naturally incline.

A POLICEMAN is the only person who can beat his club while on duty.

EXTRAORDINARY SUICIDE.

Maj. Raffaele Piccoli, a volunteer of a thousand, and one of the heroes of Garibaldi's Sicilian expedition, has recently laid hands on his life in a wholly unprecedented manner at Catanzaro, where he had been for some years past residing with his wife and five children. The Piccoli family had long suffered extreme poverty, its entire income consisting of 300 lire—about £12—granted to the Major by the Italian Government in recognition of his splendid services in 1860. It appears that this unfortunate warrior and patriot, weary of the hopeless struggle against the direst want, determined to put an end to his troubles by suicide. Having carefully sharpened a large nail, he shut himself up one day in his bedroom and proceeded to carry out his desperate resolve. He wrapped up a heavy stone in rags, so that his children in the adjoining chamber might not hear the noise of hammering, and setting the point of the nail against his toe, drove it in to the head with out uttering a single cry or groan. When his wife entered the bedroom some time afterward she found Piccoli a corpse stretched out upon the floor, with the picture of the Virgin on his breast and the fatal stone tightly grasped in his right hand. Great public sympathy has been awakened in Italy by the melancholy fate of this gallant Garibaldian.

—Exchange.

JAMES B. McCREARY

Is a Candidate for Congress in the Eighth District, subject to the will of the Democracy.

BON. A. G. TALBOTT

Is a Candidate for Congress in this district, subject to the action of the democracy.

W. CRAIG,

—WITH—

Ab. Kirschbaum & Co.

Manufacturers and Jobbers of Clothing, Philadelphia, has his office and sample room at 100 Main Street, Hindsboro, Ky., and his business communication South Ohio River direct to him there until April 15th. AB. KIRSCHBAUM & CO.

232-41 H. T. HARRIN,

Attorney and Agent for owner

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Semi-Weekly Interior Journal.

VOLUME X.—NUMBER 510.

STANFORD, KY. FRIDAY, APRIL 4, 1884.

3
NEW SERIES—NUMBER 238



UNUSUAL ATTRACTIONS

AT



J. W. HAYDEN'S.

\$2,500 WORTH OF CLOTHING JUST RECEIVED!

Of the newest styles and cuts. We guarantee a fit to the slimmest, the thickest, the shortest and longest. Come and see and try. Also Hats, Shoes, &c.—in fact we can furnish a full outfit for the most fastidious. My assort-

FOREIGN & DOMESTIC DRY GOODS

Covers the Entire Range of Leading Staples!

NEW FANCIES & HIGH NOVELTIES!

Comprising all of the Newest Ideas in Fabrics and Combination in Colors.

French Cashmeres in all colors, Silks in all colors, Cut Cashmeres, White Goods in all the New Novelties, India Linens, Persian Lawns, Swiss Plaids, Quilts, Crashes, Towels, Ticking, Muslin, Underwear for Ladies and Gentlemen, Nottingham, Lace Sets, Pillow Shams, New Spring Shawls,

NOTIONS, HANDKERCHIEFS IN ALL STYLES, LADIES' RUBBER CIRCULARS, RICK RACK, PINS, BUTTONS, HOSIERY, SILK LACE AND COTTON.

TRUE VACCINE MATTER.

Dr. Martin, of Boston, was the first American physician who, in view of the danger attending the use of vaccine virus taken from the human body, experimented successfully upon a return to Dr. Jenner's original method of using the bovine virus. Dr. Foster, of New York, and in 1867 Dr. Robbins, of Brooklyn, followed Dr. Martin's example, and Dr. Robbins, with his associate, Dr. Lewis, is now engaged in the production on a large scale of virus derived from Beanganey stock, upon which they have "ingrafted" the celebrated Vincennes stock, to procure which Dr. Robbins made a special visit to France. It is worthy of note, however, that the original stock is just as potent as ever, though its power varies according to the constitution of the animal from which it has been obtained. The modus operandi is to select the best calves—heifers being preferred—at an age varying from a few days to a year or even more, but the younger the better, the animals being the most easily handled. If the subject is a small one it is thrown upon its side upon a table, and its fore feet and head being secured, its hind legs are stretched apart and spots upon the belly six or eight inches wide are shaved, and if necessary the epidermis or skin is thinned down. After this vaccination, as in the ordinary manner, is proceeded with, the animal being retained in the one position for six or seven days, when the matter is ready for removal either into tubes or quill, and must be as clear as water or else rejected. Calves of the Jersey breed are preferred. Drs. Robbins and Lewis, have sent the vaccine to France, to Egypt, to China, Japan, and all parts of North and South America. The greatest care is taken to provide that the calf which is to be vaccinated shall be in the best possible health. It is said that after a day or two the calves do not appear at all inconvenienced by their confinement, but munch their food with zest, and, in fact, get fat. During the summer animals which are "under process" are kept in the country, it being found that they thrive better than in town. There are many persons who now "manufacture" vaccine virus, while a number of health boards have gone into the business on their own account, the result having been everywhere most satisfactory.—*New York World*.

HOW WEED DISCOVERED GREELEY.

It was anticipated that the Presidential campaign of 1840 would be a very warm one. The Whig committee of this State was very anxious to establish a campaign paper, something new in those days. The Chairman asked me to find an editor for the proposed paper. I had been struck with some articles in a weekly paper, published in this city, called *The New Yorker*, favoring protection to American industry. Mr. Greeley was the publisher of the paper. I came to New York and went to the office of the paper. One of the first persons that I met was a compositor standing at his case, and when I asked for Mr. Greeley he said he was the man. I asked for the author of the articles in question and was told by Mr. Greeley that he wrote them. The Chairman of the State Committee was with me, and the question of a campaign paper was at once broached. Mr. Greeley agreed to come up to Albany a week and devote two days in each week to editing the paper. The remainder of the time he needed for his own newspaper. I will say here that Mr. Greeley could do more intellectual labor than any man I ever saw. He became acquainted with Mr. Seward during the campaign. The work which Mr. Greeley did at that time was appreciated by all of us. And so gradually sprung up the political firm of Seward, Weed and Greeley. There was much in Mr. Greeley's disposition to endear him to all with whom he came in close contact. I never knew a man capable of doing more than he.—*Thurlow Weed*.

A DISRESPECTFUL CAR-DRIVER.

Gilhooley came very near being assaulted yesterday by a brutal street-car driver. The Galveston Street-Car Company, probably to save the wear and tear of the rails, has stuck up a notice: "Drivers must not stop on curves."

Yesterday Gilhooley halted an East Broadway car. The driver put on the brakes and stopped the car. Gilhooley went up to him and said:

"I don't care to ride just now, but I want to ask you a question."

"What do you want?" asked the driver with very improper impatience.

"I see you are forbidden to stop on curves. Now, I want to know how it is about benders. You are not allowed to stop on curves, but does the company permit you to go on a bender?"

The rage of the driver exceeded that of a defeated candidate, and he used some very unparliamentary language. Why is it the street-car company does not employ polished gentlemen as drivers?—*Galveston News*.

It may settle some uncertainty about in the public mind to say that Samuel J. Tilden is the son of Elam Tilden, and was born at New Lebanon, Columbia county, N. Y., February 9, 1814.

BOYS.

Some people imagine that the world was made for men. All a mistake; it was simply intended for boys to amuse themselves in. Who enjoys life except the boy, if we except an occasional girl or two? Nobody. Grown-up folks try to think they do, and some really imagine they do, but they are mistaken. Men work themselves up into a fever of excitement over an election. They hold mass-meetings and get up torch-light processions of great length and noisy roar, but do they get any fun out of it? Not a bit. It is the boys on the outside who do that. They are the ones who build the bonfires on street corners, and they do a large share of the hurrahing. Men in a procession move along as solemnly as though they were going to their own funeral, if such a thing were possible, but the boy who observes them from the curb-stone, or who trots along close to the Drum Major, is all animation and joy. He takes it all in, and is the freshest one in the party when the tramp is completed, no matter how long he is in passing a multitude of given points. No one gets such keen enjoyment out of a play as the gallery god. And all circuses in the country are gotten up with an eye single to his special amusement. If we could be a girl again we would prefer to be a boy.—*Buffalo Express*.

THE well-known sawdust swindlers have stopped so far as the mails and express companies are concerned, several of the bolder operators have made successful personal tours in the Southwest. Professing to be a buyer of produce or stock, the swindler conducts the business in the ordinary fashion up to the point when the stuff is ready for shipment. Then the amount agreed on is counted out in good money. Picking up one of the bills, he says: "Oh, that's a counterfeit! Let me give you another." The farmer examines the note, and, of course, can find no difference between it and the others. A conversation on the subject ensues. The swindler confidently confesses that he has a box full of the wonderful counterfeits, and finally offers, with seeming reluctance, to pay his indebtedness with them, giving \$10 for \$1. His only proviso is that the box shall not be opened until after his departure with the produce, and then nothing but sawdust is found. The farmer usually keeps silence for the sake of his own reputation.

General Gordon says that a cheerful man of the world is more acceptable in God's sight than a gloomy Christian.

YOUTHFUL AGRICULTURIST.

A very successful amateur farmer has got in his crops at Westfield, Mass. His name is Thomas Webster Hayes; his age is 5 years. Early in the season the ground was made ready, the cabbages were set and the corn and potatoes planted by his grandfather. Every morning, since they were large enough, this little fellow has given them a thorough hoeing, and it is surprising what constant stirring of the soil will do. Some of his cabbages will weigh at least twenty pounds; one of his potatoes weighed nineteen ounces, and his corn is very much larger and better than his grandfather's, which was planted at the same time. He offers to plant for the old gentleman next season.

AN OLD STORY REMODELED.

An old monkey, designing to teach his sons the advantage of unity, brought them a number of sticks, and desired them to see how easily they might be broken, one at a time. So each young monkey took a stick and broke it. "Now," said the father, "I'll teach you a lesson." And he began to gather the sticks into a bundle. But the young monkeys, thinking he was about to beat them, set upon him all together, and disabled him. "There," said the aged sufferer, "behold the advantage of unity! If you had assailed me one at a time I would have killed every mother's son of you!"

A PRIVATE letter written by William O. Tuggee, of Lagrange, Ga., now in Washington, to a friend in Lagrange, says that an examination of Senator Ben Hill's tongue, recently made, develops the fact that it will have to be operated upon again with surgical instruments. The popular impression in Atlanta is that Mr. Hill will not recover from the effects of the cancer on his tongue.

The following is from a Washington letter: "The Mormon church has for years kept an accurate record in detail of the private life—especially at Washington—of every Senator and Representative, and it is this record, I am sorry to say, which has given the Mormons such tremendous and fatal power at Washington for a quarter of a century." When Uncle Sam takes the Mormons by the scruff of the neck they will understand that black-sheep Congressmen are not running the country.

Carter's Little Liver Pills are free from all crude and irritable matter. Concentrated medicine only; very small; very easy to take; no pain; no griping; no purging.

T. R. WALTON,

— GROCER, —

COR. MAIN & SOMERSET STS.,

STANFORD, - KENTUCKY.

Semi-Weekly Interior Journal

Stanford, Ky., April 4, 1884

W. P. WALTON.

THE war's all over apparently at Cincinnati and the result of the three days of destruction and terror is thus graphically summed up by the *Commercial Gazette*:

First, we have saved our jailful of murderers. We have killed 48 innocent men, and wounded and maimed 145 more, all to save our jailful of murderers. We have burned our fine Court-house, with the records of three quarters of a century, creating confusion which a whole generation will not suffice to settle, but what is that by the side of a jailful of murderers saved from the popular excitement?

We have covered a justly popular impulse against the prostration of the law before crime, into a war between an unorganized people, incensed to acts of blind vengeance against the authorities who killed them to protect the murderers. We have planted in the people's minds a cause of innocent blood crying from the ground—but we have saved our jailful of murderers. We made a fortress around the ruins of our fine Court-house and we gathered there the military power of the State to save from an enraged people our jailful of murderers. Is that supreme charge, our citizen soldiers, compelled to obey military orders and discipline, without exercise of individual judgment, have fired into all, that dared to approach the sacred precincts of our jailful of murderers. We have lost all but our jailful of murderers, not having saved even our honor. The reign of law and order is restored in Cincinnati—that law and order which makes murder the safest trade, and which has made impotent the administration of law against crimes of atrocity. We have vindicated all the practical forms and rules and traps and tricks which make the trial of a murderer a farce, and degrade the judiciary to the sole end of saving known and proved murderers from conviction, and of promoting the trade of the criminal lawyer. We have shown to the world in general, and to the criminal class in particular, that at any sacrifice of life and of public property, and by an appeal to the last resource of the State for the protection of the public safety—the military arm—we will save our jailful of murderers.

THE Mississippi Legislature has passed a law making it a misdemeanor for any legislative, executive, judicial or ministerial officer in that State or for any person holding an office or place of honor, profit or trust under the laws of that State, to travel upon any railroad in that State without paying absolutely and without any guise, tricks, subterfuge or evasion whatsoever, the same fare required of passengers generally, under a penalty for the first offense of a fine of not less than \$25; for the second by a fine of not less than \$100, or by imprisonment in the county jail not less than ten days, or by both such fine and imprisonment, and for the third offense, by a fine of not less than \$500 and by imprisonment in the county jail not less than thirty days. Our Legislature should follow suit and adopt such a law but "we beter a dollar they don't."

THE worst result of the Cincinnati riot is that the shysters who brought on the state of affairs, which resulted in an outbreak, will be the principal beneficiaries by the loss of records and other public papers burned with the Court-house. A shyster is never so much at home as when tampering with titles and he can roll in ease now for many a day to come. It is truly a pity the mob didn't hang half of them. The Bar Association in no other place than Cincinnati, would permit such men as do to practice law.

JOHN D. WHITE is furnishin' Arthur because he belongs to the corrupt Whisky Ring and calls on the republicans of the State in a high-sounding proclamation to repudiate him. They will hardly do it, however. All the office holders, whose tenure is dependent upon the President are for him as a matter of course, and they usually manipulate republican conventions in this State.

By keeping up the removal of the Capital question, the Legislature succeeds in getting all the free lunch it can stand. Frankfort fed it on the fat of the land last week and Lexington put the big pot in the little one for it this week. It is safe to say that under this state of case the question will not be settled this session.

THE Committee appointed to investigate the charges made by ex-Speaker Keifer against Gen. Boynton, has reported that there were no grounds for them; the same as saying that the dirty old scamp has lied. The downfall of Keifer has been faster and the depths he has reached lower, than usually falls to the lot of man.

A COURT in Ohio has decided that a greenback paper is of different politics from a republican one. We consider it a very fine point. He that is not for the democratic party is against it and as far as the efforts of a greenback organ is concerned, it is just the same as if it were republican.

THE liquor law as passed by the House, requires druggists who use vicious or spirituous in filling prescriptions to pay a State license of \$100, the same sum as is paid by the saloon-keepers. This is pretty hard on them and a howl and protest is going up from them all over the State.

SENATOR MAHONE is very ill at Washington and the dispatch says his friends are very anxious. A majority of the people of Virginia, not friends, are anxious, too—*anxious that he will die.*

THE Anchorage Asylum Investigating Committee has at last made a report. It is couched in very mild terms considering the true state of affairs, but goes so far as to say that even if he did not know of it, Dr. Gale is responsible for the system of ducking that prevailed there and that the General Assembly should take immediate action in the matter. Nothing short of an impeachment will satisfy the feelings of an outraged people, whose sensibilities have been awakened by a recital of the horrible cruelties inflicted on the unfortunate persons committed to his care.

THE Fourth Ohio Regiment is not one that can be depended on to quell a riot. When ordered to charge the mob at Cincinnati, they not only did not do so but broke ranks and struck in a trot for their homes and they do say some of them are still running. If ever caught, they will be tried for refusal to obey orders and cowardice of the meanest sort.

LEGISLATIVE DOINGS.

—The bill to establish a Board of State Commissioners of Public Charities was voted down by the House, as it should have been.

—The House spent the whole of Wednesday in discussing the Capital removal bill and was no nearer a conclusion than at first.

—The House, glad of the chance for a holiday, adjourned Tuesday after passing resolutions of regret over the death of Judge Payne.

—The Senate passed a bill amending the General Statutes, fixing toll rates on bicycles and tricycles and traction engines for travel on turnpike roads.

—In the Senate Hallam's resolution to adjourn April 25 and meet again December 31 next was adopted, with an amendment that the extra session shall not exceed sixty days.

—An Inspector of Mines is the latest effort of the Legislature to create a new office. It provides that the Governor shall appoint an Inspector for four years at \$1,800 per annum who must have a practical knowledge of chemistry, geology and mineralogy and the different systems of working and ventilating coal mines.

NOTES OF CURRENT EVENTS.

—The reduction of the public debt for March is \$14,238,324.

—Judge W. M. Beckner declines a reappointment as Railroad Commissioner.

—Hon. Evans D. Allnutt, ex-representative of Louisville, has been adjudged a lunatic and ordered to the asylum.

—J. F. Randall, postmaster at Newcastle, Ky., is short \$800. His aged father-in-law will pay the money. Randall has fled.

—Congressman Nichole, of Georgia, moved that Sherman's Danville Investigation Committee be instructed to investigate the Cincinnati riots.

—Berney, the Cincinnati murderer, has been put to work at moulding in the Ohio penitentiary, which is considered the hardest work in the institution.

—A young desperado named Gibson walked up to a man named McCoy, at Hopkinsville, Ky., and shot him dead; there was no provocation whatever. A mob is after him.

—Jas. May, a horse jockey from Garrard county, was brought to Nicholasville under arrest and placed in jail, charged with stealing a horse from Thos. Peel, of that county, about six weeks ago.

—The Governor has appointed Judge D. H. Green as special Judge in the case of the Commonwealth against J. B. Letcher, and a special term will be held the first Monday in May, at Nicholasville.

—At Lexington, Ky., a colored congregation was enjoined from building a church by neighboring property-holders. They gave bond, obtained a restraining order and will build. An interesting trial will result.

—Frank Elliott, colored, assaulted a young lady in York county N. C., Tuesday morning. Tuesday evening he was taken from the sheriff and lynched. A card on his body said, "Our daughter we protect."

—The postoffice receipts show up well notwithstanding the reductions of postage. A decree of \$300,000 in over \$10,000,000 in sales of stamps for the quarter is doing well, considering the short time since the reduction.

—The collections on spirits, in the Seventh Kentucky District during March, amounted to \$324,673. One thousand barrels were shipped to foreign ports, and from five to eight thousand will be shipped during the coming month.

—Hon. James W. Anderson committed suicide by throwing himself into a well at Fleming, Ky. He had been in bad health for some time. He used to represent Knox county in the Legislature and was of course a republican.

—It is estimated that the whisky interests of the country will sustain a loss of fully a million and a quarter of dollars by reason of the defeat of the bonded extension bill. It is said that over 200,000 barrels will be exported, mainly to Germany.

—For the first quarter of the year ended March 31, the business failures in the United States are reported by R. G. Dun & Co., to number 3,296, as against 2,806 in the corresponding quarter last year. The liabilities amount to \$40,000,000, compared with \$37,000,000 in the first quarter of 1883.

—The Oldham county republicans adopted resolutions to the effect that "the clouds that hung like a pall over the incoming of the present administration have all been dispelled through the guidance of an ever-ruling Providence," endorsed Arthur, instructed for Col. W. O. Bradley for delegate-at-large and W. H. Sneed for district delegate. Judge Wm. Manly was suggested for elector.

SENATOR MAHONE is very ill at Washington and the dispatch says his friends are very anxious. A majority of the people of Virginia, not friends, are anxious, too—*anxious that he will die.*

—The trial of Bill Jones who shot at Guitteau is set for April 28.

—It will require \$50,000,000 to pay the readjustment claims of the postmasters from 1864 to 1874.

—A cyclone passed over North Alabama and North Georgia Monday night, killing many people and destroying a great amount of property.

—The cyclone that passed through Henry and Blackford counties, Ind., Monday afternoon destroyed about twenty-five houses and killed six persons.

—The suit of John W. Coppage vs. the Louisville & Nashville Railroad Company, tried at Lebanon, for the killing of John Q. Coppage, resulted in a verdict for plaintiff for \$2,250.

DANVILLE, BOYLE COUNTY.

—Nick Roberts' Humpty Dumpty troupe played here Tuesday night to a large house. Every one present speaks of the performance as a good one.

—Mr. Joseph William Caldwell, of Garrard county, came to town this week for the express purpose of subscribing to the INTERIOR JOURNAL, which, he says, is the best paper in Kentucky—an opinion in which he is joined by many of his fellow citizens.

—Mr. Chris Gertung, who rendered such valuable service to the cause of Hancock and English during the last presidential campaign, is again in town and as this is a presidential year, Chris proposes to remain and lift his eloquent voice in the cause of the democratic nominees, whoever they may be.

—Hon. M. J. Durham has formally announced his candidacy for the democratic nomination for Congress to succeed Hon. P. B. Thompson. Judge Durham represented his district in the 43d, 44th, and 45th Congresses and was recognized as a leading and useful member. He and ex-Gov. McCreary, one of his competitors, are to speak at Taylorville, next Monday.

—P. S. Ray, of Boyle county, on Wednesday made an assignment of his property to his son James S. Ray, of Louisville, for the benefit of creditors. The property consists of 226 acres of land in Boyle county lying on the Perryville and Mitchelburg turnpike. Mr. Ray is a very worthy gentleman and his friends trust he may come out of his business embarrassments with but little loss.

—Third and 4th streets in Danville are parallel streets and both run into Main and Lexington. But Phil Marks wants to know, you know, why it is that there are ten gas posts on Third street between Main and Lexington and only three on Fourth between Main and Lexington. The conundrum is a withering one and a chromo known as "The Deacon's Prayer" will be given to the first town trustee who solves it.

—Mrs. Morris, widow of the late Bishop Morris, of Cincinnati, is giving a series of bible readings at the Broadway M. E. church, of which Rev. E. B. Hill is pastor.

—Those who have heard the lady speak of her as an eloquent and instructive speaker and one calculated to do much good in the cause in which she is engaged. She will give to the first town trustee who solves it.

—Mrs. Morris, widow of the late Bishop Morris, of Cincinnati, is giving a series of bible readings at the Broadway M. E. church, of which Rev. E. B. Hill is pastor.

—Miss Cora Sandidge has gone on a visit to friends at Harrodsburg, thence to Lawrenceburg. Miss Alice Burdin, of the college faculty, has been in Mercer some days with her father whose health is very feeble. Mr. and Mrs. Robinson returned to Taylor county on Tuesday. Misses Eliza and Kittie Rout, of Stanford, are visiting at John Rout's.

—Born to Mr. Kidd, on Sunday night, a son. Mr. Kidd has been a citizen here but a short time; he seems, however, to have caught very readily the key note of Hustonville society. On Tuesday to Mr. John Burton, a son. I am informed the infant bears the euphonious appellation of Andrew Jackson Calhoun Webster Cowan Burton. If he can carry this he needn't fear the measles.

—Wm. M. Carpenter, a former Lincoln county boy, for several years as station agent at Mackinaw City, on the G. R. & I. R. R., has recently gained a position on the same road as travelling passenger and freight agent. The paper in which the notice appears congratulates "Mike" warmly on his promotion and takes occasion to speak in most complimentary terms of his efficiency as a railroad official. Miss Ella Peyton is employed as assistant to her sister, Miss Eugenia, in her school.

—SCRAPS.

—The conundrum offered in Ohio is: Who will hereafter be willing to serve on a Cincinnati jury?

—Berney is probably a great scoundrel, but he has some good instincts. When asked what trade he would like to learn in the penitentiary he replied that he would like to become a printer.

—Kentucky has always been taunted by her cold-blooded Northern sister as a lawless and bloody-minded State. The whole history of our commonwealth aggregated and all her crimes arrayed, could not furnish such a page of riot, misrule, unmitigated criminality and insane ferocity as the record made by Cincinnati during the closing days of March.

—A Dayton man who deserted from his command at Cincinnati and went home, soon returned stating that his wife ordered him back to bear his part in the turbulent scenes of the city. The papers are loud in their laudations of "that woman's bravery." There seems to have been a clearer exhibit of prudence than bravery in her case. Perhaps she was tired of him, perhaps she had an eye to a pension.

—Mr. Charles Slack, of Elizabethtown, was here on a business trip on Wednesday. Mr. James Kinnaird has returned from Wells county, Colorado, where he has been for about six weeks, looking after his cattle interests. He reports the past winter as having been a very easy one on stock, the loss from cold weather, &c., having been only about two per cent. He says a person living here is likely to have a poor idea of the extent of the stock business in the West, the immense ranches where cattle sometimes have a range of 500 miles, the constant improvement of stock by the introduction of Orlangue, Hereford and other good bulls. Cattle thieves are not tolerated and an offender when caught is sure of swift and severe punishment. Mr. and Mrs. Fred Lazarus have taken rooms at the Clemens House.

—MT. VERNON DEPARTMENT.

Managed by Jno. B. Fish.

—John Reynolds for shooting Gentry Haggard was held under a bond of \$250 for his appearance to answer any indictment that may be found against him. So far he has failed to give said bond.

—The Bishop-Sigman murder case came up at London Wednesday, and owing to the absence of Col. Burdett, who is assisting the Commonwealth's Attorney, and several witnesses were passed until Tuesday next.

—William Pendleton was arrested in Whitley county, charged with obtaining money under false pretences from a man named Withers on the K. C. Railroad. He was brought to this place and lodged in jail. His examining trial is set for to day.

—"Aunt" Polly Proctor has sold her house and lot in Mt. Vernon, to Mrs. Mollie E. Brown for \$300. Wm. H. Coops, moved this week to the property recently purchased by him from Mr. J. J. Williams. Mr. Coop will engage in the blacksmithing and wagon making trade.

—J. J. Williams, M. J. Miller, Jack Adams, Sr., M. W. Langford, Jack Adams,

and F. L. Thompson have been absent in the cities buying their supplies of spring goods.

Capt. Wm. H. Spradlin, of the C. N. & G. R. Railroad, is visiting in this vicinity, this week. Miss Maggie Smith and Miss Beasie Adams, of Paint Lick, Ky., have been visiting Miss Mattie Newcomb during the past week. Sam Warnacourt, of Mississippi, was in town a few days this week on business.

Mrs. Mary C. Williams, relic of the late Col. Richard Williams, died at her home in this town Wednesday morning about half past 6 o'clock. She was about 87 years of age and had been an invalid for a number of years. All the little children knew her as "Grandma" Williams. In the early pioneer days of Virginia and Kentucky, she and others were taken prisoners by the Indians and after many hardships and privations they were captured by their friends. She remembered well, many incidents in the history of Kentucky, long since past and gone. She died a Christian. Almost her last words were, "Praise the Lord."

HUSTONVILLE, LINCOLN COUNTY.

—Nick Roberts' Humpty Dumpty troupe played here Tuesday night to a large house. Every one present speaks of the performance as a good one.

—Mr. Joseph William Caldwell, of Garrard county, came to town this week for the express purpose of subscribing to the INTERIOR JOURNAL, which, he says, is the best paper in Kentucky—an opinion in which he is joined by many of his fellow citizens.

—Mrs. Mary C. Williams, relic of the late Col. Richard Williams, died at her home in this town Wednesday morning about half past 6 o'clock.

—Warned by the timely admonition of the INTERIOR JOURNAL no one was guilty of even trying to sell his neighbor on the festive "first."

—Sheriff Menefee succeeded in arresting Dave Godley at Mt. Salem a few days since. It required the grit, for which Geo. Carpenter gives him credit, to carry out the programme.

—The balmy breezes of Tuesday lured a host of amateurs to the gardens, but the balmy breath of Wednesday blew out their zeal for the horticultural and remanded them shivering and sad to the coal bin.

—The U. S. Detectives are still busy in our region. They made three or four arrests, on charges of counterfeiting and illicit distilling, on Saturday, but the full names of the parties taken cannot be obtained here.

—This is the time for the tax assessor to kindly interpose and assist the weary merchant in taking an account of stock. He is here accordingly trying to convince the dealers that the aggregate of their respective supplies is highly respectable.

—Dulness pervades every kind of business at present: A few farmers are ready to plant corn but are prevented by the unfavorable condition of the soil. There is no reason for discouragement however as a favorable season on and after the 10th will produce grand results.

—Miss Cora Sandidge has gone on a visit to friends at Harrodsburg, thence to Lawrenceburg. Miss Alice Burdin, of the college faculty, has been in Mercer some days with her father whose health is very feeble. Mr. and Mrs. Robinson returned to Taylor county on Tuesday. Misses Eliza and Kittie Rout, of Stanford, are visiting at John Rout's.

—Born to Mr. Kidd, on Sunday night, a son. Mr. Kidd has been a citizen here but a short time; he seems, however, to have caught very readily the key note of Hustonville society. On Tuesday to Mr. John Burton, a son. I am informed the infant bears the euphonious appellation of Andrew Jackson Calhoun Webster Cowan Burton. If he can carry this he needn't fear the measles.

Stanford, Ky., April 4, 1884

LOCAL NOTICES.

BUY PAINTS of Penny & McAlister. LANDRETHS garden seeds at McRoberts & Stagg.

LANDRETHS Garden Seeds at Penny & McAlister.

JOS. HAAS HOG CHOLERA CURE. Penny & McAlister sole agents.

CLOSE your account with Penny & McAlister by cash or note.

BRAND new stock of every thing in the jewelry line at Penny & McAlister's.

HORSES, cattle, sheep and poultry powder for sale by McRoberts & Stagg.

New shades of ready mixed paints for spring trade at McRoberts & Stagg's.

WATCHES, CLOCKS and JEWELRY repaired and warranted by Penny & McAlister.

FOR SALE, a new upright J. & C. Fischer piano. Apply at INTERIOR JOURNAL office.

New and full stock of Fishing Tackle of every variety just received at McRoberts & Stagg's.

For coughs, colds, &c., use Compound Syrup White Pine. Put up in 25c and 50c bottles. Trial size 10c. McRoberts & Stagg.

PERSONAL.

—COL. THOS W. MILLER went to Richmond yesterday.

—MESSRS J. W. HAYDEN and R. S. LYNN are in Cincinnati buying goods.

—MR. HARRY B. FITCH, representing N. Sid Platt's establishment, is in town.

—DR. P. W. LOGAN, of Knoxville, was up this week. His mother returned with him.

—MRS. JOHN METCALF, of Nicholasville, has been visiting her sister, Mrs. T. M. Lillard, this week.

—DR. P. P. TRUEHEART, of Sterling Kansas, arrived Wednesday to see his sick mother, who has considerably improved.

—MRS. KATE DUDEKAR has gone to visit relatives at Indianapolis from whence she will return via Cincinnati to lay in her stock of military.

—CAPT. THOMAS MALLACK now runs the passenger train from here to Winchester, making the round trip each day. P. Nippert, Jr., is express and C. C. Colmesel mail agent.

LOCAL MATTERS.

SEED sweet potatoe at W. H. Higgins'.

FRESH fish Saturday afternoon at S. S. Myers'.

A NEW stock of hats at Edmiston & Owsley's.

Men and boys' hats at half price at the new store.

SOMETHING new in glass and queensware at Brig. & Curran's.

A fine line of garden seeds, of every description, at Warren & Metcalf's.

PLYMOUTH Rock Eggs for hatching purposes, for sale at McRoberts & Stagg's. Levi Hubble.

WE are handling D. M. Ferry & Co.'s Genuine Northern Seed Potatoes. Warren & Metcalf.

BRAND new lot of frames and chromos, at Shaffer's Gallery, down cheap to prevent shipping.

We guarantee a saving on all goods bought of us. S. L. Powers. New Cheap Cash Store.

AN elegant line of ladies' and gents' fine, custom made shoes, just received by Edmiston & Owsley.

DON'T fail to see our big line of Implements, Buggies, Wagons, &c., on our day. Bright & Curran.

Genuine Closing Out Sale at the old Christian church, where you can get goods almost at your own prices.

FOR cottons, calicos, sheetings, ginghams, ticking, table linens, towels, napkins, &c., go to Edmiston & Owsley's.

S. H. SHANKS has received his stock of spring and summer goods and his store is chock full of them. Call and examine.

PARTIES indebted to our late firm will please call at Warren & Metcalf's and settle with A. A. Warren, Bruce, Warren & Co.

To HOUSEKEEPERS.—Polishing is the best article known for cleaning and polishing silver, gold, glass, tin, &c., with the least labor. For sale only by T. R. Watson, corner Main and Somerset sts.

THE ladies of the Presbyterian church will have an ice cream party at the rooms of Mrs. George H. Bruce to-night, from 6 to 10 o'clock. Everybody is invited. Admission, which includes a saucer of cream and a portion of cake, 25 cents.

THE biennial election of councilmen of the city of Stanford will occur to-morrow. The office is of much more importance than is generally considered and our best and most progressive men should be chosen, since on them devolves the management of our finances and all public improvements.

WE have just received a new stock of India linens, check linens, linen lawns, check and plain nainsooks, long cloth, organdie, Persian lawn, pique, linen cambric, white quilts, ladies' and misses' corsets, ribbons, ties, fichus, collars, Hamburg, hose in cotton, lisle and silk, gloves, laces, &c. Edmiston & Owsley.

CAPT. RICHARDS who takes much interest in such matters, tell us, after a general examination, that unless they are killed hereafter, there will be the finest crop of apples this season that we have had for years. The peach-buds, he says, are for the most part dead and in some instances the trees themselves. He thinks the grape crop safe to this time and that some pears and cherries will be raised.

FOR trunks and valises go to Edmiston & Owsley's.

SEED sweet potatoes of all kinds at Warren & Metcalf's.

THE largest stock of new goods in town at Edmiston & Owsley's.

GARDEN seed, New York seed potatoes and onion sets at T. R. Walton's.

BIG spring lot of Ziegler Bros' shoes for both sexes just received at S. H. Shanks'.

THE celebrated Pearl Shirt—the best in the market—for sale by Edmiston & Owsley's.

WE will deliver goods anywhere in the city limits free of charge. Warren & Metcalf.

WALL paper, window shades, lace curtains, window fixtures, fringes, &c., at Edmiston & Owsley's.

WEDNESDAY was a miserably disagreeable day. A cold wind and rain prevailed and at night a heavy frost fell.

DON'T fail to go to the old Christian church for bargains, when you come to town Monday. Geo. H. Bruce & Co.

WE have the largest line of hemp, cotton, yarn and Brussels carpets ever shown in this market. Edmiston & Owsley's.

BORN, to the wife of Elias Moberly, Esq., a girl; weight 10 pounds.

BRAZILIAN RUSSELL county sweet potatoes for seed. Bright & Curran.

A CONSIDERABLE purse was raised for the family of Mr. Straub yesterday.

WE have an odd lot of coats and vests that we will close out at about half price. Edmiston & Owsley's.

If you want a suit of clothes, come and see us. We have just received a large line of new clothing in men's, boys' and children's. Edmiston & Owsley's.

MR. A. R. PENNY has sold to Judge W. R. Carson a strip of land in the rear of his late residence for \$250 and his stable and lot to D. R. Carpenter for \$500.

MARRIED at Mr. Thomas Chappell's this week, Mr. John Craig Harris to Miss Nannie Chappell. Wm. F. Walls and Miss Malinda Frances Walls were made one here yesterday.

A NEW line of cashmere, Ottomans, beiges, camel's hair cloth, shepherd's plaid, Chardies, Henrietta cloth, Batiste, Australian crepe, silks in plain and brocade, at Edmiston & Owsley's.

RELIGIOUS.

Rev. H. C. Morrison writes from Carrollton that his meeting there had resulted so far in 20 conversions and 15 additions to the church.

—Eld. W. L. Williams has organized a church at Campbellsville with 28 members, who will proceed to erect a church building at once.

—Rev. H. Allen Tupper removed to Louisville this week and Wednesday night was welcomed in the parlors of the church by his congregation and others to the city.

—Beginning with next Sunday afternoon Rev. I. S. McElroy will preach a series of sermons on the first Sunday of each month to the children. Subject, "The Jewish Tabernacle."

—There will be communion services at the Presbyterian church Sunday. Preparation services thereto will begin at 11 A. M. Saturday and the pastor will be assisted by Rev. E. Ervin, of Paint Lick.

—Eld. J. B. Jones is getting along well in his effort to extinguish the debt hanging over the Christian church here, having succeeded in raising over half of the amount. It is not creditable to the membership, which represents millions of dollars, that this debt has remained unpaid so long and we join Mr. Jones in the hope and belief that it will be fully paid off by Sunday. Preaching will continue till then and perhaps longer. One young lady has united with the church so far.

—LAND, STOCK AND CROP.

—Corn is quoted at \$4 per barrel at Owingsville.

—May wheat was down to 85 cents this week, in Chicago.

—Corn Drilled and Oliver Chilled Plow cheap at T. R. Walton's.

—Jessamine county will put in 5,000 acres of tobacco this year, against 1,000 last season.

—A mare in Bourbon county, sixteen years old dropped her first colt last week. It is large and healthy.

—Wm. Myall, of Mayslick, Mason county, sold his crop of tobacco at 17 cents. The average yield was 2,280 pounds per acre, realizing nearly \$400 per acre.

—It is said that one half of the so-called butter sold in New York State is made from hog fat, and oils imported from France and Italy, colored by medical substances, and deodorized by some other chemicals.

—John H. Bell sold to John Will Hary 30 hogs, averaging 198 pounds, at 6 cents. Uncle Jimmie B. says that April 10th (the hundredth day of the year) is the time to plant potatoes. Jas. Hedger has 100 ewes that have 200 lambs. Four of the ewes produced three lambs each, and 96 ewes two lambs each.—[Georgetown Times]

—In Cincinnati feeding and shipping cattle are in fair demand, other classes quiet. Cattle to medium are quoted at 2 1/2 to 4 1/2, good express butchers 5 to 6; common to choice shippers 5 1/2 to 6 1/2; stockers and feeders 4 1/2 to 5 1/2. There is a fair demand for good hogs and prices range from 6 to 7 1/2. Sheep are slow and weak at 3 1/2 to 6; clipped 4 1/2 to 5 cents.

—The following horse sales were made at Nunnelley's stable Tuesday: Barney Crossen, of Philadelphia, bought of S. H. Beaubien 1 coach horse for \$275 and of S. J. Embry 1 saddle horse for \$180. Mr. Small, of Russellville, bought of A. T. Nunnelley a brown harness mare for \$160; one saddle mare of Eube Harris for \$200; 1 do. of Jim Gentry for \$200; 1 harness horse \$190 and another brown coach horse for \$150.

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—Call for Mass Meeting.

Pursuant to a call of the Democratic State Central Committee, it is hereby ordered that a mass meeting of the democrats of Lincoln county be held at the Court-House in Stanford on Saturday, April 26, 1884, at 2 o'clock P. M., to select delegates to the State Convention to be held at Frankfort May 7, for the purpose of selecting delegates to the National Convention to be held at Chicago July 8, and also to select electors for the State. The county is entitled to one delegate, or for each 200 votes cast for Gov. Knott at the last State election.

J. E. LYNN, Chairman Dem. Co. Comtee.

—The Nashville *World* learning of Dr. Gale's marriage is glad to know he is to be punished at last.

—The distillers of Central Kentucky organized yesterday, at Lexington, an export and loan association. The capital is half a million. The company will advance money on whisky, holding certificates for the same.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

CURE

SICK

HEAD

ACHE

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CARTER MEDICINE CO., New York.

CRAB ORCHARD LINCOLN COUNTY.

—The boys have begun their usual spring occupation—fishing.

—Robert Beddow, of whom we spoke a few weeks ago as being quite low of consumption, breathed his last on Monday at 1:45, at the residence of Samuel Hardin. He had many friends, who mourn his departure and deeply sympathize with his lonely widow in her sad bereavement.

—On last Saturday afternoon, as Mrs. H. Bronaugh and children were driving through town the king-bolt of her phonograph broke and let it down in the street. The occupants rolled out upon the ground, but fortunately none were hurt. The horse, which is a very gentle one, trotted on for a few steps with the front wheels, but when perceiving that he had left the mass of his load immediately stopped. Mrs. B. extends her thanks to Dr. Pettus and family and other friends, who came to her assistance.

—Crab Orchard is on the improve. D. Payne has made quite an improvement in the looks of his business house, by putting in a new front, shelving, &c.; also John Bailey has been making improvements on his land, which will be quite an addition to the hotel. Mrs. Wells is remodeling her dwelling, which when finished will be one of the handsomest in town.

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W. P. WALTON.

I. & N. LOCAL TIME CARD.

Mail train going North	12 50 P. M.
" " South	1 55 P. M.
Express train " North	2 55 A. M.

SONG.

BY DR. LA MOULLE.
 Not where the poison dews distill,
 Which bring much woe to men,
 Shall we our brimming glasses fill,
 And drink and fill again.
 But we shall quaff the water pure,
 Which sparkles in the wave,
 Whose draught so sweet doth health assure,
 And far removes the grave.
 Water, true gift of heaven thou art;
 Without thy smile to bless,
 Earth were a desert and man's heart
 Could never find happiness.
 SHABONA'S GROVE, III.

STARVING TO WIN A WIFE.

It was a July afternoon. Three men sat on the veranda of the village hotel. Their feet were on the balcony railing, their chairs were tilted back and they were fanning themselves.

These men were Judge Barron, County Judge, Parson Miller and Col. Gherkins, a retired militia officer, on no pay. Not one of them would see his 50th birthday, for they had passed it.

"Speaking of fasting," said the Judge, breaking a long silence.

"Hasn't been mentioned," snarled the Colonel, interrupting.

The Judge dropped his chair squarely down on its four legs, and looked savagely at the Colonel. The Colonel returned the look and snapped his fingers contemptuously.

"Don't be boys!" urged the minister with a smile. He smiled because he knew the fiery but harmless ways of the gentlemen.

"Well, we are too old for this sort of thing," said the Judge, leaning back again. "But, speaking of fasting—I will have it that way—reminds me of my attempt at suicide."

"It was in the papers," said Gherkins, stopping his fanning long enough to glance sideways at the other.

"It was," admitted the Judge, "but it doesn't signify now, over twenty-five years afterward."

"Humph!" grunted the Colonel.

"I was in love, doctor," and the Judge turned his face toward the minister.

"That is what he thought," observed the Colonel, with a cackle, half cough and half laugh.

"With a girl," continued Barron.

"Well added!" cried Gherkins. "Though the tendency of young men is, we know, to fall in love with old women."

"And not, as you ~~well~~ know, Colonel, for young women to fall in love with old men."

"Your'e as old as I am," shouted the Colonel.

"Not by fifteen years," exclaimed the Judge. "But you take my remark as personal."

"That's the way you meant to have it taken, I know," growled the unamiable old man.

"So you ought," said the Judge. "But never mind that! I fell in love. That means to be miserable. At 22 one has love as one has the measles, severely, all over, as a matter of business."

"When I was a boy," suddenly began the Colonel.

"Why, that is ancient history," cried Barron.

The Colonel said something in an undertone, and lighted a cigar.

"I had always been in love with Miss Lou Dexter," continued the Judge. "I began to suffer when I was in roundabouts."

"I was a sort of duplex, back-action, extra-elastic passion. I suppose I made a fool of myself. Didn't I, Colonel?"

"Decidedly!" declared that person.

"I felt as sure of Lou as I did of myself," the Judge continued. "But when I came back from college I thought everything had changed for the worse. There was no longer that familiarity and confidence that had existed between us. Half the time when I went to see her she was either busy or out for the evening, or engaged with a musty old fellow who had money, but whose name I won't mention."

"Musty, Judge?" howled the Colonel, springing to his feet. "Musty? Have care!"

"Poetical license, I suppose," suggested the minister. "Now, if he had said moldy—"

"Just as libelous, just as infamous as untruth," shouted the Colonel, stamping up and down the veranda.

"Oh, well, consider the remark withdrawn," laughed the Judge. "The man was there, all the same, and kept me from confidential chats with the girl I loved."

"And he knew it!" chuckled Gherkins.

"She knew it!" said the Judge, gravely. "I didn't mind any of these things so much as the story that she was going to marry the old fox, and that her wedding clothes were being made. That struck me like the ball from a Whitworth gun. 'Lou,' I said, the first time I met her after hearing this story, 'is it true that you're getting ready to marry this man?' naming

her.

"She had a way of half turning her face and looking up at you with a sauciness in her black eyes that would drive a man crazy. She looked at me that way.

"Don't you wish you knew?" she asked, and walked away, looking backward just once, in her coquettish way, over her shoulder.

"Ten minutes afterward I saw her walking with my venerable rival."

"Venerable alongside of veal," said Gherkins, savagely.

The Judge laughed.

"You are posted, Colonel," he said.

"You forgot that I mentioned no name for the gentleman."

"You might as well," said the other.

"Oh, the doctor can wait or guess," was the reply. Then—"Miss Dexter's indifference crazed me. I wanted to tell her that, as a man, I loved her. She knew that in my childhood I had idolized her. But what chance had I? What good would it do, if she were going to marry the infirm fellow wheezing asthmatically by her side? I went home assured that life had no value to me. The more I thought of it the less I cared for it. The less I cared for it the greater my anxiety to be rid of it. To be rid of it meant to take it. Suicide is horribly vulgar, ordinarily. It is only the Frenchman who makes it sublime. He

—

"There! here! I must protest," exclaimed the parson, holding up his hands in horror. "Such talk is not orthodox."

"I'm not telling an orthodox story, doctor. What I think now and thought then are two different affairs. Enough to say I resolved on killing myself. As in my disappointment I felt no hunger, starvation seemed a very refined method of self-extermination."

"Economical to the last!" exclaimed the Colonel, returning to the attack.

"You'll never carry the practice of your life to such an extreme," said Barron; "I have the satisfaction of knowing that. However, Colonel, your bitterness is natural. I forgive you. Dr. Miller cannot fail to see that I'm treating you like a Christian—that is, as if you were one. Well, I began the siege myself. The supplies were cut off. I retired to my room and refused to eat. That meant a great deal when it is considered that for four years I had lived at a college boarding-house. It meant more when one remembers that it was done for love. Men talk of killing themselves for the objects of their affections, but they seldom, if ever, try the starvation plan. It takes true grit for that sort of thing. Perhaps this story of mine hasn't the sentimental fervor that animated me then. It seems now to have been an example of rather funny obstinacy. The first day was lived through without much discomfort; the second found me hungry; the third, I was half crazy for food, and the smell from the kitchen infuriated me. I began to wonder if I wasn't making a fool of myself."

"Indeed!"

"Indeed. And what is more, in view of my profession, I've never had to starve since."

EIGHT SQUARE MILES OF TURTLES.

The Galveston News reports that between Sabine and Calcasieu, in the Gulf of Mexico, the steamer James Andrews

encountered a vast multitude of green turtles, many of them very large, and all of them on their backs. Capt. J. B. Rodgers, owner of the schooner, states that the schooner was lying on and off, and from observation it was estimated that the water covered by these turtles formed an area of eight miles in width and ten miles in length. They were all sizes, and not one being seen in natural position. The water was literally covered with them. During the passage among the turtles, Spanish mackerel were leaping high in the air in every direction, as if determined to escape from the sea, giving evidence that either the water underneath was in a dreadful commotion or the sea monsters had come down on them from some strange sea.

Capt. Rodgers was, by innuendoes, referred to as the cause of the trouble.

Of this, however, I knew nothing. I was too busy in scheming to counteract the plots of my friends to force food into my stomach to care what was being said outside of the house. The night of the third day was a horrible one. It was made up of a succession of dreams of banquets at which I could not eat enough to satisfy my hunger.

"The next morning I was out of my head until noon."

"Out of your stomach! Brains had nothing to do with it," said the Colonel.

"Out of my head," repeated the Judge.

"It seemed as though I was about to collapse and die. Everything was whirling around and around, when the door was opened and a face came into view. It had a familiar look, but at first I could not tell whose it was. I looked and looked and looked, and then dropped away in a fainting fit. It lasted for a minute. When I came to, the first thing that met my gaze was this same face. The eyes had the same electrical gleam as of old; the lips were just as seductive in their expression, and the voice made the sweetest of music. She took my thin face in her little hands and looked sadly into my eyes."

"Fred! Fred!" she whispered. "Dear old boy, tell me what this means!"

I shook my head wearily.

"I've been away," she said, "and there's a horrible story about us in the paper—about me, I mean—that I am the cause of this. Have you seen it?"

"No, Lou."

"Are you going to kill yourself, Fred?" bringing that dear face of hers closer to mine.

"I shall continue to try."

"Why? What is the matter?"

"You are the matter, Lou, if you must know," I said, getting desperate, with her lips so close to mine, and the questions coming thick and fast. "You are the matter."

"Me?"

"You."

I could see that she wanted to make me tell, and I believe that the only thing that kept her from asking was that she believed she knew what I had to tell. I

resolved to settle my doubt, and, if I was going to die, to have her know just the reason for my suicide.

"Lou," I began, putting an arm around her waist to steady myself.

"Lou, I am killing myself because you don't love me."

"How do you know that, Fred Barron? You make me ask the question."

Her face came down upon my shoulder, and she began to sob.

"Because, Lou, because, because—I paused simply because I didn't know, but had only guessed at it, and in my weak condition it seemed as if I had been woefully mistaken. "Well, then, I knew it because you always put Gherkins between us; and how could I tell you over his shoulder that I wanted you to be my wife."

"Did you want to tell me that, Fred?"

"Yes!"

"And that animated old petrification kept you away?"

"Animated Old Petrification, eh? Did she call me that, Judge Barron?" shrieked the Colonel, slapping his hat on his head and driving it down with a blow of his fist, as he sprang from his chair.

"If she did, sir, I demand satisfaction, the satisfaction of a gentleman, sir! 'Animated Old Petrification!' And this by a woman I would have honored by marrying! It is too much, too much! You shall give me revenge!"

Barron laughed. So did the minister.

"You shall have what you want, Colonel," said the Judge.

"When, where, how? That talk suits me."

"By coming around to dinner with me this afternoon. You know Mrs. Barron has changed her mind about you since that day."

"I'll be blanked if I will," roared the Colonel, slamming the chairs aside as he tramped away.

"At 4 o'clock sharp," said the Judge, leaning over the railing, and speaking to the angry man on the walk below.

The Colonel shook his fist in reply.

"He is very wrathful," observed the minister.

"But he will come all the same," said the Judge.

"I suppose that young lady gave you a favorable reply," merrily observed Dr. Miller, who wanted to hear the conclusion of the story.

"Favorable? Of course! See that lady over the street there?"

"Mrs. Barron? Oh, yes!"

"Well, she was Lou Dexter before I married her. Her 'yes' stopped my suicide."

"Indeed!"

"Indeed. And what is more, in view of my profession, I've never had to starve since."

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"Out of your stomach! Brains had nothing to do with it," said the Colonel.

"Out of my head," repeated the Judge.

"It seemed as though I was about to collapse and die. Everything was whirling around and around, when the door was opened and a face came into view. It had a familiar look, but at first I could not tell whose it was. I looked and looked and looked, and then dropped away in a fainting fit. It lasted for a minute. When I came to, the first thing that met my gaze was this same face. The eyes had the same electrical gleam as of old; the lips were just as seductive in their expression, and the voice made the sweetest of music. She took my thin face in her little hands and looked sadly into my eyes."

"Fred! Fred!" she whispered. "Dear old boy, tell me what this means!"

I shook my head wearily.

"I've been away," she said, "and there's a horrible story about us in the paper—about me, I mean—that I am the cause of this. Have you seen it?"

"No, Lou."

"Are you going to kill yourself, Fred?" bringing that dear face of hers closer to mine.

"I shall continue to try."

"Why? What is the matter?"

"You are the matter, Lou, if you must know," I said, getting desperate, with her lips so close to mine, and the questions coming thick and fast. "You are the matter."

"Me?"

"You."

I could see that she wanted to make me tell, and I believe that the only thing that kept her from asking was that she believed she knew what I had to tell. I

Padded Women.

A writer in the California *News Letter* says: 'I remarked as I sat at the window that after all San Francisco women are the most stylish dressers anywhere to be seen—their figures so slim and yet so round and perfectly in proportion, set off the exquisite toilets admirably.'

'Every woman seems to have a pretty shape,' I remarked, innocently, 'therefore there is little credit to you for the perfect fits you make.'

Madam looked at me in surprise: 'Do you not know that we have more bother over these same figures than making a dozen dresses?' she went on. 'A woman comes here as flat as a pancake—no bust, no hips, no anything. 'Here is velvet and brocade,' says my customer. 'Make me an elegantly fitting dress and of course you will have to make my figure first.'

'Then I build up the figure, several sheets of wadding are pinned over the hips, and it takes quite a time to make the proper shape. Then the bosom of the corset being perfectly empty, is neatly packed with more wadding. Wadding is also laid in the hollow of the chest, where you may often bury an egg; and having stuffed my block, I go to work to fit. The wadding placed on the figure goes into the dress and yards of stiff crinoline are packed into the drapery at the back.'

'So, then, madam, most of your fine figures are thin?'

'Skin and bone, you mean; and don't I turn them out well?' said the exultant dressmaker.

'Well, you certainly do; but what a disappointment they must be to their husbands when they marry,' I say, reflectively.

'Well, I should rather think so; the men marry plump young partridges and find them in the end simply bags of bones.'

A remarkable case has just been decided at Brookville. A young woman of unimpeachable character and great personal attractions, named Susan Horner, had her likeness taken at John F. Bradley's photograph gallery. Miss Horner's father died recently and she supported herself with her needle. When her photographs were finished they were *so* very unlike her that she refused to take them. Bradley was very angry and revenged himself by adorning one of the photographs with a moustache and painting a cigar in the mouth. The second he decorated with a large pair of red spectacles and in the third he gave the face a blotted and disgusting appearance. Then he framed the three pictures, wrote some doggerel verses under them and hung them outside of his studio. The village gathered around and much scandal resulted. Bradley went further and circulated disgracefully embellished photographs of the girl among the young men of the place. The direct result of all this was a lawsuit, by which Miss Horner recovered \$200 damages.

The management of the Ohio & Mississippi Railway, during the last few years, has been eminently successful, as seen in the fact that the Company has recently been enabled to take the road out of the hands of the Court and place it on a sound financial basis. From April 1st the former General Manager, Capt. W. W. Peabody, will become President and General Manager, in full control. The equipment and train service have been greatly improved, and now that opportunity offers, will be perfected in every particular, thus making the 'O. & M.' the most desirable line for travel in its territory. We can heartily recommend the Ohio & Mississippi Railway to the favorable attention of our patrons, for we have tried it ourselves and know whereof we speak. 'Fast Time,' 'Close and Sure Connection,' 'Safety and Comfort,' are among its maxims and a trial will convince the traveler that this road carries out its promises to the letter.

The most expensive kind of false hair is natural silver white. It is worth \$18 or \$20 an ounce, more than its weight in gold. Bleached white hair is worth only \$3 an ounce. Natural hair of ordinary shades is worth from \$5 to \$20 a pound, except the hair collected by rag pickers, which brings only from \$1 to \$3. The value of different colors of hair depends on the fashion. Yellow hair, not golden, is almost useless.—[New York Graphic]

A western farmer successfully dwarfs the orange after it has in six or seven years become an efficient hedge, by first clipping to fifteen inches wide at the base and tapering to a narrow top and then cutting a ditch eight or ten inches deep and within six inches of the hedge. Crops will grow as close as they can be planted or sown. The hedge puts out low, stiff, stubby branches when thus dwarfed, and looks exceedingly neat.

Some heartless wretch caught two cats, tied them by the tails and flung them into the cellar of a Connecticut church. They kept pretty quiet until about the middle of the sermon, when they began to complain, and the pastor sternly remarked, 'Will the choir please wait till its services are required?'

'What are the religious papers doing toward directing souls heavenward?' is the title of an article in a pious contemporary. Well, we know for one thing, they are advertising patent medicines and cheap revolvers by the column, at half rates.—[N. Y. Commercial Advertiser.]

A single box of Merwin's Specific, The Great English Remedy, will prove to any sufferer from nervous prostration or weakness of the genitive organs, that it is the best and cheapest medicine ever sold for this class of disease. Sold by Penny & McAlister.

Novel-Reading Made Odious.

A bitter wag, made angry by the ever-increasing output of novels, has devised a new and malignant antidote for the appetite for romance. He declares that he will write a supplement to every modern love story, to be sold at half price, setting forth the matrimonial adventures and experiences of the hero and heroine. The sweet and pathetic maiden with the mild blue eyes and the golden hair is to be developed into the fat and ruddy shrew, with a tendency to quarrel with her husband and row with her servants. The gallant gentleman with the long moustache and the silver voice is, on his part, to be ruthlessly pictured marching up and down his bedroom in airy attire, with a squalling baby in his arms, redolent of sour milk and catnip. The will of the rich old uncle, which brings wealth and happiness at the end of the first volume, will be proved a forgery in the second. What with the upsetting of every pretty conventionality and the disclosure of the inevitable conditions into which no well-bred novelist ever follows his characters, the cynic hopes to make novel-reading nauseous and novel-writing as unprofitable as it is a dark industry.

"Among the numerous applications for pensions received by the Commissioner of Pensions," says the Boston *Journal*, "is one sent the other day by an ex soldier, who has discovered an entirely new ground for relief. He stated that he had no wounds and was not disabled by disease, but while fighting in the Union ranks at the battle of Antietam he lost his coat, vest and one suspender. 'The suspender' he wrote, was my only stay and support. Imagine my dismay when a bullet came along, and slightly scorched my skin as it passed, cut that last precious suspender clean in two. There I stood, in the presence of many thousands of men. My emotions cannot be described. You, Mr. Commissioner can imagine them. I am certainly entitled to a pension for the wounds given to my feelings on that occasion. Possibly you may not decide that a large pension should be given me, but, at least, I ought to have enough to keep me in strong, reliable suspenders all my life."

A DISAPPOINTED EDITOR.—The remission by Governor Knott of the fines of the fines that Greenville druggist who turned his drug store into a common tippling house, and sold whisky in open and shameless violation of the local option law, is without excuse and indefensible. He made mighty promises while seeking the nomination about upholding the majesty of the law, and permitting justice to take its course unobstructed by the executive prerogative, but it seems that he now has no regard for them. There is not a mitigating feature in this case. It was a deliberate violation of the law, made for the purpose of enjoying the profits of an illicit monopoly. We regret this action of Governor Knott. We believed in him most implicitly. We have been grievously deceived.—[Breckenridge News.]

Bishop Kavansugh, the great Methodist divine, who died in Mississippi, last week, was preaching one time when quite a young man, and after the sermon no one of all the rich people in attendance invited him to dinner, when he was about to go home hungry an old colored woman asked him to dine with her. Some years after, when he was a Bishop, he preached at the same church, when invitations to eat savory dinners showered in on him, but he declining, saying: "I see an old colored woman back in the church, and shall dine with her." It was the same old woman who had entertained him before.

The largest producers of tobacco are the States of Kentucky, Virginia, North Carolina and Tennessee. The quantity produced during 1882 was 513,077,588 pounds, grown on 671,522 acres, or about 1,600 square miles, and valued at \$43,189,551. The average value was 82.5 cents a pound, or \$6.32 per acre. This is more profits than wheat or corn growing would be in the same districts. In 1883 this country exported tobacco to the value of \$22,055,229, and imported to the value \$11,775,596, or over 50 per cent of our exports.

The appointment of a young woman as a deputy sheriff in a Pennsylvania county suggests a rather novel and interesting vocation for women. There is no reason, unless it be physical inferiority, why a woman should not discharge the functions of a deputy sheriff as well as a man does. And if she happened to be a really pretty deputy sheriff there would be no danger of any body's resisting arrest, except hardened offenders of her own sex.

A Western woman writes a pleasant letter telling how, years ago, she learned the budding and grafting of fruit trees. She hated teaching, and persuaded her father to let her help him in his fruit nursery. She had excellent success from the beginning, and afterwards learned "all the niceties of grafting, from an orange tree down to an apple root." She found the business both pleasant and profitable, and one which women could work at as well as men.

"Yes" she said to her escort as they glided around the rink, "I do love roller skating. When we are sailing around this way, my very soul seems to be floating away toward heaven, and—." By some mistake in the programme at this point, both of her soles floated away toward heaven, while the rest of her smote the earthly floor with a mighty smite.

A Dallas, Tex., man has lost three daughters by elopement this winter. He looks so satisfied with himself that the girls are beginning to suspect that he furnishes the rope ladders himself.—[Philadelphian (Mon.) Inter. Mountain.]

A Chicago man has discovered a wonderful force that is going to supplant the steam engine. It is probably a motive power caused by confining boarding house butter in a strong iron box.—[Chicago Sun.]

The Northwest a Failure.

Those farmers who are unhappy because they are compelled to stay on their comfortable farms and who are always desiring to find a better place somewhere else, should find relief in knowing that distress and ruin await them in the far Northwest. An exceedingly gloomy report comes from Manitoba to the effect that hundreds of farmers are ruined, not by the poor crops, but by the inability to dispose of their grain at cost of seed and hired labor. Oats have been sold at 7 cents a bushel and wheat at 70 cents and one large farmer, who unwisely rented a large farm, declares he would have been "money into pocket" had he put a match to his standing grain and consumed it, as he could not get back the actual cost of harvesting and threshing. It would be a "cold day" for many farmers who are now comfortably fixed when they go to a new country without timber, shelter or fuel and find the thermometer at 40° below zero and the wind blowing 50 miles an hour.

The statement of the South Kentuckian that the editor of this paper is picking flaws in Gov. Knott's administration is not warranted. The Kentuckian is mistaken if it thinks that the defaults of his administration are to be conducted, if any such exist, which we trust may not now or ever be the case, because our friends saw fit to recommend us for a position in Gov. Knott's cabinet. That should have no bearing one way or the other. The true friends of any public man are those who gently criticize those acts that seem to be wrong, or point in a wrong direction, that he may take note of public feeling, and heed the sentiment when once it is expressed, if it is in his power to do so. Public men are sometimes constrained to do things that they really do not want to do, and are glad when public sentiment enables them to call a halt.—[Louisville Democrat.]

A Baltimore man who keeps live chickens, rabbits and Guinea pigs on hand, ready for a call for "snake food," opens the season's campaign with this snake story. "One day, while party were out hunting in Brazil, the guide came rushing back and reported that in front was a snake sixty feet long. So it proved, the monster having just swallowed a deer, but was unable to bolt the horns, which were still sticking out of the snake's mouth. The party advanced cautiously and were about to fire, when the snake sprang forward and struck the guide in the breast with the stag's antlers, crushing him to a jelly. Before the reptile could repeat the attack, a bullet from one of the guns of the party killed him. He was coiled up and carried by the party to the nearest town and shipped to Rio, where he is still on exhibition, with the horns still protruding from his mouth."

An Eastern Shore exchange has a correspondent who writes thus about a fellow who broke his engagement with a girl he had been keeping up nights for a long time:

"Of course he has no heart, but what there is of him ought to be kicked to death by jackasses, and we would willingly be one to lend a helping foot."

In these days of sham and pretense, and wolves clothed in high tariff wool, it is not often you can get a man to come right out in print and acknowledge that he is only a simple, trusting, sad eyed jackass.—[Midwestern Transcript.]

A HORIZONTAL WELL.—David Hills, of Ipswich, N. H., desiring to supply himself with water, resorted to a most successful expedient. He reasoned thus: "If my neighbor at the top of the hill obtains water by digging sixty feet, why may not I obtain the same by running a shaft into the side till I reach the same point? He acted upon the obvious conclusion, and made a horizontal well, which not only supplied a perpetual stream to his house without the trouble of drawing, but afforded a most ample and capital cellar for the storage of butter, cheese, and other articles from both heat and cold."

On the opening of spring work many farmers would do well to open accounts, fix a price on your own labor, and that of each hand and ass-tan on your farm, and keep an accurate reckoning of day's work, cost of horses' feed and use, of seed, implements, &c. A simple statement of receipts and expenditures throughout the season will enable the farmer to know how he is prospering, and "going it blind" is not a wise process, either for farmers or women who had entertained him before.

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